



THE BARRIER

BY
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This is a tale of Alaska, a bleak land where men and women fight each other and the relentless elements for the precious gold that lurks beneath the icy soil. Here is told a story of wild ambition, of uncontrolled passion, of men who know no law other than that of their own making; a story of a girl whose beauty and purity plunge her into deepest peril; a story of big men, big events, big thoughts and big hopes. Read of Neela, the fascinating heroine, who loves and is loved; of Gale, the man of mystery; of Stark, the killer of men; of Runtin, prince of scoundrels; of "No Creek" Lee, who comes into his own at last; of simple souled, big hearted Poleon Doret; of Lieutenant Burrell, the gallant Kentuckian who carries law and justice into the Yukon wilds and forces desperate men to recognize him as their master.

CHAPTER I.

THE LAST FRONTIER.

MANY men were in debt to the trader at Plambau, and many counted him as a friend. The latter never reasoned why, except that he had done them favors, and in the north that counts for much. Perhaps they built likewise upon the fact that he was ever the same to all and that in days of plenty or in times of famine his store was open to every man, and all received the same measure. Nor did he raise his prices when the boats were late. They recalled one bleak and blustery autumn when the steamer sank at the Lower Ramparts, taking with her all their winter's food, how he eked out his scanty stock, dealing to each and every one his portion month by month. They remembered well the bitter winter that followed, when the specter of famine haunted their cabins and when for endless periods they clenched their belts and cursed and went hungry to sleep, accepting day by day the ration doled out to them by the grim, gray man at the log store. Some of them had money belts, weighted low with gold washed from the bars at Forty Mile, and there were others who had wandered in from the Koyukuk with the first frosts, footsore and dragging the legs of their skin boots eaten to the ankle and the taste of dog meat still in their mouths. Broken and dispirited, these had faced as well through that desperate winter as their brothers from up river and received pound for pound of musty flour, strip for strip of rusty bacon, lump for lump of precious sugar. Moreover, the price of no single thing had risen throughout the famine. He picked in no man's business. He took and paid his dues unflinchingly. He spoke in a level voice, and he smiled but rarely. He gazed at a stranger once and weighed him carefully; thereafter, his eyes sought the distances again, as if in search of some visitor whom he knew or hoped or feared would come.

This day he stood in the door of his post staring up the sunlit river, absorbing the warmth of the arctic afternoon. The Yukon swept down around the great bend beneath the high, cut banks and past the little town, disappearing behind the wooded point below, which masked the upcoming steamers till one heard the sighing labor of their stacks before he saw their smoke.

The sound of shouting caused him to turn his head. Downstream, a thousand yards away, men were raising a flagstaff made from the trunk of a slender fir, from which the bark had been stripped, leaving on their tackle as they sang in unison. They stood well out upon the river's bank before a group of well made houses, the peeling timbers of which shone yellow in the sun. He noted the symmetrical arrangement of the buildings, noted the space about them that had been smoothed for a drill ground and from which the stumps had been removed, noted that the men wore suits of blue and noted to particular the figure of an officer commanding them.

The lines about the trader's mouth deepened, and his heavy brows contracted. "That means the law," he murmured half aloud.

He stood so, meditating somberly, till the fragment of a song hummed lightly by a girl fell pleasantly on his ears, whereupon the shadows vanished from his face, and he turned expectantly, the edges of his teeth showing beneath his mustache, the corners of his eyes wrinkling with pleasure.

The sight was good to him, for the girl approaching down the trail was like some wood sprite, light footed, slender and dark, with twin braids of hair to her waist framing an oval face colored by the wind and sun. She was very beautiful, and a great fever surged up through the old man's veins till he gripped the bars of his gate and lit sharply at the pipe between his teeth.

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acters down river, and our soldiers have been scattered among the American camps for our protection. I think it's due."

"Where did you learn all this?" she replied, at which her father regarded her keenly. She could not see the curious look in his eyes, nor did she turn when a moment later, he resumed in an altered tone:

"I reckon Poleon will bring you something pretty from Dawson, eh?" "He has never failed to bring me presents, no matter where he came from. Dear old Poleon!" She smiled tenderly. "Do you remember that first day when he drifted, singing, into sight around the bend up yonder? He had paddled his birch bark from the Chandelar without a thing to eat. Hunger and hardship only made him the happier, and the closer he drew his belt the louder he sang."

"He was bound for his 'new country.'"

"Yes; he didn't know where it lay, but the frost for travel was on him, and so he drifted and sang, as he had drifted and sung from the foot of Lake Le Barge."

"That was four years ago," mused Gale, "and he never found his 'new country,' did he?"

"No; we told him down and choked it out of him," Neela laughed. "Dear, funny old Poleon! He loves me like a brother."

The man opened his lips, then closed them, as if on second thought, and rose to his feet, for, coming toward them up the trail from the barracks, he beheld a trim, blue coated figure. He peered at the approaching officer a moment, set his jaw more firmly and disappeared into the store.

"Well, we have raised our flagstaff," said the lieutenant as he took a seat below Neela. "It's like getting settled to keep house."

"Are you lay?" inquired the girl. "I dare say I am," he admitted. "I've never had time to find out. Why?"

"Are you going to boss our people around?" she continued, bent on her own investigation. "No. Not as long as they behave. In fact, I hardly know what I am to do."



Lieutenant Burrell.

Maybe you can tell me." His smile was peculiarly frank and winning. "You see, it's my first command, and my instructions, although comprehensive, are rather vague. I am supposed to see that mining rights are observed, to take any criminals who kindly offer themselves up to be arrested and to sort of handle things that are too tough for the miners themselves."

"I don't believe you will be very popular with our people," Neela suggested meditatively.

"Now that I think it over," he continued, "I'd rather have you like me than have the men do so."

"Of course," she nodded. "They do anything I want them to—all but fight, and—"

"It isn't that," he interrupted quickly. "It is because you are the only woman of the place, because you are such a surprise. To think that in the heart of this desolation I should find a girl like—like you, like the girls I know at home."

"Am I like other girls?" she queried eagerly. "I have often wondered."

"You are, and you are not. You are surprisingly conventional for these surroundings and yet unconventionally surprising for city girls. Who are you? Where did you come from? How did you get here?"

"I am just what you see. I came from the States, and I was shipped. That is all I can remember."

"Then you haven't lived here long?"

"Oh, no. We came here with a party of men, and I have been here ever since."

"Since when?"

"Since the day when we were shipped here, and I have been here ever since."

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ly mutual, but the Meades had sought the son. The old soldier had told her much more, of which she understood little—told her of the young man's elopement, who had come all the way from Kentucky to see her brother off when he sailed from San Francisco; told her of the lieutenant's many friends in Washington and of his family name and honor. The old soldier, furthermore, had looked at her keenly and added that the Burrells were known as "devils among the women."

Resting thus on the steps of Old Man Gale's store, the two talked on till they were disturbed by the sound of shrill voices approaching, at which the man looked up. Coming down the trail from the town were a squaw and two children. At sight of Neela the little ones shrieked gleefully and scampered forward, climbing over her like half grown puppies. They were boy and girl, both brown as Shushes, with eyes like jet beads and hair that was straight and coarse and black. At a glance Burrell knew them for "breeds," and evidently the darker half was closer to the surface now, for they choked, gurgled, stammered and coughed in their Indian tongue, while Neela answered them likewise. At a word from her they turned and saw him, then, abashed at the strange splendor of his uniform, fell silent, pressing close to her. The squaw also seemed to resent his presence, for after a lowering glance she drew the shawl closer about her head and, leaving the trail, slunk out of sight around the corner of the store.

Burrell looked up at his companion's clear cut, delicate face, at the wind tanned cheeks, against which her long braids lay like the blue black locks of an Egyptian maid, then at her warm, dark eyes, in which was a hint of the golden light of the afternoon sun.

The bitter revolt that had burned in him at the prospect of a long exile died out suddenly. How fresh and flowerlike she looked, and yet the wisdom of her! He spoke impulsively:

"I am glad you are here, Miss Neela. I was glad the moment I saw you, and I have been growing gladder ever since, for I never imagined there would be anybody in this place but men and squaws—men who hate the law and squaws who sulk about—like that."

He nodded in the direction of the Indian woman's disappearance.

She looked at him quickly.

"Well, what difference would that make?"

"Ugh! Squaws and half breeds!" His tone conveyed in full his utter contempt.

A curiously startled look lay in her eyes, and an inquiring, plaintive wrinkle came between her brows.

"I don't believe you understand," she said. "Lieutenant Burrell, this is my sister, Molly Gale, and this is my little brother, John." Both round eyed elfs made a ducking courtesy and blinked at the soldier, who gazed his feet awkwardly, a flush rising into his cheeks.

From the regions at the rear of the store came the voice of an Indian woman calling:

"Neela! Neela!"

"Coming in a moment!" the girl called back; then, turning to the young officer, she added quietly: "Mother needs me now. Goodbye."

CHAPTER II.

POLEON DORET'S HAND IS QUICKER THAN HIS TONGUE.

THE trader's house sat back of the post, further up on the hill. It was a large, sleepy house, sprawling against the Russian style, the underside of each log hollowed to fit snugly over its fellow underneath, upon which dried moss had previously been spread. Many architects had worked on it as it grew room by room through the years. It had stretched a bit year by year, for the trader's family had been big in the early days when hunters and miners of both breeds came in to trade, to loot and to swap stories with him. Through the winter days, when the caribou were in the north and the moose were scarce, whole families of natives came and camped there, for Poleon, his squaw, drew to her own blood, and they felt it their duty to eat of the bounty of him who ruled them like an overlord.

There are men whose eyes are quick as light and whose muscles have been to longward and hardened by years of exercise that they are like lions of a wild jungle. Of such was John Gale, and with all his intelligence he was very slow at reading; hence he chose to speed his evenings with his pipe and his thoughts rather than with a book. His handsome man was supposed to do. He did with little sleep, and every night he sat alone till Allana and Neela would be awakened by his heavy step as he went to his bed. That he was a man who could really think and that his thoughts were as quick as light was proved by the fact that he had never been caught in a trap.

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fiercely. "He don't mean any good to her."

"Him got a woman, eh?" said the other.

"No, no! I reckon he's single all right, but you don't understand. He's



Gale's squaw came in.

different from us people. He's—he's—Gale paused, at a loss for words to convey his meaning. "Well, he ain't the kind that would marry a half breed."

Evidently Allana read some hidden meaning back of these words, for she spoke quickly, but in her own tongue now, as she was accustomed to do when excited or alarmed.

"Then this thing must come at once. The risk is too great. Better that you kill him before it is too late."

Gale rose and laid his big hand firmly on her shoulder.

"Don't talk like that. There has been too much blood let already. There's time enough to worry."

He rose; but, instead of going to his room, he strode out of the house and walked northward up the trail. Allana sat huddled up in the doorway, her shawl drawn close about her head, and waited for him until the late sun dipped down below the distant mountains for the midnight hour, then rolled slanting out again a few points farther north, to begin its long journey anew, but he did not return. At last she crept stifly indoors, the look of fright staring in her eyes.

About 9 o'clock the next morning a faint and long drawn cry came from the farthest limits of the little camp. An instant later it was echoed closer, and then a dog began to howl. Before its voice had died away another took it up sadly, and within three breaths from up and down the hill came the cry of "Steam-bo-o-o!" Cabin doors opened and men came out, glanced up the stream and echoed the call, while from sleepy nooks and sun warmed roofs wolf dogs arose, yawning and stretching.

Downstream came the faint sighing whooof-whoof of a steamer, and then out from behind the bend she burst. Her cabin deck was lined with passengers, most of whom were bound for the "outside," although

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The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN F. SANBORN, Proprietor and Manager.

Office Telephone 251
Home Telephone 272

Saturday, April 17, 1909.

The United States army will open bids within next few weeks for \$4,000,000 worth of army clothing, the largest consignment of army clothing ever purchased in time of peace.

So President Taft has tentatively decided to spend the summer in Massachusetts. That is too bad for the night-hawk found a more enjoyable place in Rhode Island. The State may be small but as a summer resort it is hard to beat.

Government receipts from customs from Jan. 1 to April 10 have averaged \$1,071,881 daily, which nearly approaches the average for corresponding period of 1907, which was \$1,141,637. The average for the corresponding period of 1908 was only \$830,072.

It hasn't been really very springlike yet around this latitude. Of course the winter is over but those warm lazy days of early spring when the sun is shining brightly and the birds are singing and everything outdoors calls you to drop your work and come out to commune with nature have been conspicuous by their absence.

The annual report of the United Steamship Co. for 1908, just issued, shows net earnings of \$1,475,180, which is not sufficient to meet property depreciation and will force the passing of the dividend. The number of third-class passengers landed in the United States in 1908 was only \$85,000, compared with 1,116,000 in 1907.

There is no doubt that six persons lost their lives in a residence building which was burned in the fire at Leno, Mass., last Sunday morning; and there is also no doubt that a series of explosions occurred during the fire. The report that turpentine, kerosene, and other inflammable stuff were stored in the cellar of this building means, therefore, likely to be true.

The independent military companies of the State will retain all their rights and privileges under the act reorganizing the militia of the national guard. The independent companies are well organized and finely drilled and are a credit to themselves and to the State. They have always given a satisfactory account of themselves when the State or the nation has been in need of their services.

Castro cannot land in the West Indies, so there is nothing for him to do but return to Europe. It would seem as if now he might regret all the publicity that he has achieved toward the United States, for he can thank this country for the barrier that has been erected in his face. (Venezuela can get along without him, and the new ruler seems to be trying to do the right thing toward all the foreign nations.)

The whiskey manufacturers are still trying to get permission to use the old style labels, instead of those compelled by the pure food law, whereby all but the genuine article have to be labeled compound or imitation. Except for medicinal purposes, what difference does it make to the man that drinks it whether he gets genuine, pure whiskey, or the compound or imitation? After a certain number of doses he would never know the difference anyway.

A man down in Connecticut arose in a crowded street car to give his seat to a lady who was standing. In reaching for the car strap to balance himself he pulled the register cord and rang up a fare. The conductor demanded a nickel and the man refused to pay, with the result that a policeman was called to arrest him. He paid the nickel under protest and then solemnly vowed that never again would he give up his seat to a lady. Such is the reward of civility.

The Chicago wheat speculator who is credited with engineering the successful deal that carried the price of wheat to its present high level, denies that he has established a corner and says that the remarkable rise was due merely to the law of supply and demand. Furthermore he thinks that he is a benefactor of this country for if it had not been an American who first bought up the available supply it would have been an Englishman and then all the wheat would have been carried out of the country. Well, at the paper profits that he has already made on his deal it must pay pretty well to be a national benefactor.

Should the United States be plunged into sudden war with another power there would not be sufficient naval officers in commission to properly handle the battleships now lying in the Stars and Stripes. In the startling declaration made by Rear Admiral Rodney D. Evans in Hampton's Magazine, coming from such an authority as fighting Bob this statement carries an appeal as well as a profound warning. Admiral Evans emphatically states that "at the present time we have not sufficient officers for the ships now in commission and this condition is growing more acute by months as new ships are ordered into service. That is not a single battleship in the fleet today that has not suffered from lack of officers for the past few months."

General Assembly.

As the January session of the General Assembly nears its end the volume of business increases. The daily session have been quite long this week, and the committees have all been busy afterward. Some of the important matters have been cleared up, and there is a possibility that the members may not have to work overtime for very long.

The appropriation bill has been passed in conference, the two houses having come to an agreement through their committee of conference. Serving on the House Committee were Representatives Franklin and Brewster. The bill came up in the Senate on Thursday and was passed after long debate by a vote of 20 to 12.

The militia bill has been passed in conference, but it was so amended that the status of the old independent companies will not be affected. The officers on the general staff will lose their high rank in some instances, and the personal staff of the Governor will be reduced in rank from colonel to lieutenant colonel.

The Senate has passed the lobster bill so-called providing restrictions upon non-residents taking lobsters in Rhode Island waters. Tagamenditans exempt from its provisions those men of foreign birth who have been engaged in lobster taking for a period of one year before the passage of the act and who have already taken out their first naturalization papers, giving them until December 31, 1912, to complete the naturalization. The act is made to take effect upon its passage so that if the House acts upon it favorably it will prevent Massachusetts and Connecticut men from coming into the State this spring and taking the native lobsters.

The act creating the board of sinking fund commissioners for Newport has been passed. The act providing for giving notice of the pendency of the petition for incorporation of the Portsmouth Electric Company has been passed.

To fill the vacancy on the State board of charities and corrections caused by the resignation of John J. Watson, Jr., of Jamestown, Governor Pothier has appointed Francisco G. Johnson of Providence and the appointment has been confirmed. He is well known in Newport.

The Senate has passed the bill providing life imprisonment for kidnapping.

Harriman in Mexico.

A Mexican engineer located in New York claims to have "trustworthy" information from Mexican sources to the effect that "Harriman" has his mind on the Pan-American railroad, of which patches are in operation or in the course of construction in various countries, and which is intended to some day make it possible to make an unbroken rail journey from Hudson's bay to the southern extremity of the habitable regions of the South American continent, says the San Francisco Chronicle. While one may doubt whether there will be any trust worthy information as to Mr. Harriman's intentions in new railroad building very far in advance of the beginning of actual construction. It is not at all difficult to believe that his imagination has been often fired with the conception of a railroad system under one control extending from at least the Canadian line to as far south as a railroad can go. That is a conception which cannot be realized during the lifetime of Mr. Harriman, but it is not at all impossible that the next generation may see it. Meanwhile it is reasonable to suppose that the Harriman group, whose interests are already so large in Mexican territory, may contemplate extensions to the southward which will ultimately form links in such a system.

The great railroad fortunes have been made in building into undeveloped territory and profiting by the growth and development of the country which the railroad makes possible. If there are legitimate sources of great fortunes that is certainly one of them. It is risky for the investment is enormous, the road is certain to yield an income for a considerable time, and the financing is difficult. The majority of those who have attempted it have failed, the ultimate profit amounting to a second generation of financiers. Were Mr. Harriman the young man and with his present prestige the money could be got for an extension at least as far south as Panama, to be expended under his direction by capitalists who could carry the property until it paid. It is not at all likely that large extensions in Mexico are contemplated even now, for there is a well organized group of very able men associated with Mr. Harriman and railroad building will not stop when he retires.

Southern America and Africa are the coming continents. A half century ago or more the great geographical regions of the world were the property of the few generations that followed the first great wave of population from the East. The world was then a vast wilderness, and the few who came to it were the first of a new race. The world was then a vast wilderness, and the few who came to it were the first of a new race.

The Harriman group is now the first of a new race. The world was then a vast wilderness, and the few who came to it were the first of a new race. The world was then a vast wilderness, and the few who came to it were the first of a new race.

Weather Bulletin.

Copyrighted by W. T. Foster.

Washington, D. C., April 16, 1909.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent April 16 to 20, warm wave 15 to 19, cool wave 18 to 22. This was expected to be a cold period with frosts further south than usual and severe storms on many parts of the continent. The heaviest falls of the month were expected with this storm wave.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about April 20, cross Pacific slope by close of 21, great central valleys 22 to 23, eastern states 23. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about April 20, great central valleys 22, eastern states 24. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about April 23, great central valleys 23, eastern states 27.

This disturbance will bring a recovery from the unusually cold period but temperatures will continue too low for good crop weather. The storms will continue to be severe but rainfall will decrease.

Last disturbance of April will reach Pacific coast about 25, cross Pacific slope by close of 26, great central valleys 27 to 29, eastern states 30. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about April 25, great central valleys 27, eastern states 29. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about April 28, great central valleys 30, eastern states May 2.

This disturbance will bring temperatures up to normal, good crop weather will be restored, storms will not be so excessive and the rains will become severe. At the close of April the crops will be generally a little late but not in first class condition, but the normal weather of last part of April and first part of May will soon put crops in fair condition.

I am expecting month in some sections to be detrimental to all crops particularly oats and corn and a little too dry for winter wheat. This would have a tendency to advance prices, but grain is already too high. The great question is, are manipulating the markets and therefore crop weather effects do not show up in the markets.

Next bulletin will give general forecasts of May crop weather. My April forecasts proved good for first part of April except in vicinity of Washington, D. C.

Many newspapers not heretofore publishing my work are now on my mailing list as regular subscribers and the increase in popularity of my forecasts is constant and substantial.

Election of Officers.

Court Friendship, No. 9, Foresters of America.

Chief Ranger—Joseph Deane.
Sub-Chief Ranger—Henry C. Bennett.
Recorder—George W. Thomas.
Senior Woodward—John H. Thomas.
Junior Woodward—Michael Harris.
Senior Heald—William Foster.
Lecturer—Chief Ranger James Graham.
Trustee, for six months—Hugh M. Orr.
The officers were installed by Deputy Grand Chief Ranger Dennis W. Maher with Past Chief Ranger William Shields as herald.

Current Topics Club.

President—Miss Elizabeth H. Peckham.
Vice President—Miss Lucy P. Brownell.
Secretary—Miss Emily M. Bradley.
Treasurer—Miss George H. Bryant.
Executive Committee—Mrs. E. M. A. Backus, Miss Annie E. Cresswell, Mrs. William W. Correll.
Director to State Federation—Miss Ethel K. Chubb-Snow.

Chief Ranger—Thomas S. Gough.
Sub-Chief Ranger—Thomas S. Gough.
Treasurer—Robert A. Randall.
Financial Secretary—William J. Shea.
Recorder—George W. Thomas.
Senior Woodward—James A. Beattie.
Junior Woodward—John Connolly.
Senior Heald—James A. Beattie.
Junior Heald—Patrick O'Brien.
Lecturer—Edith E. London.
Physician—Edith E. London, M. D.
Delegates to Grand Court Convention—Thomas S. Gough, William J. Shea.
Entertainers—Arthur R. Condon, Bayshore Lodge.

St. George's.

Senior Warden—Peter King.
Junior Warden—William S. Saxon.
Assistant Junior Warden—John H. Hart.
Vestrymen—John H. Taylor, Elmer E. Leonard, Henry C. Beattie, James T. Wright, William C. Goodhue, Lawrence H. Henshaw, David O. Conner, Robert H. Baker, John H. Baker, George H. Slocum.
Secretary—William K. Slocum.
Treasurer—Peter King.
Delegates to Episcopal Convention—Peter King, William S. Saxon, John H. Hart, William C. Goodhue.
Delegates to Episcopal Convention—James T. Wright, Elmer E. Leonard, Henry C. Beattie, John H. Baker, George H. Slocum, Frank Hart, John H. Baker, Elmer E. Leonard.

Trinity.

Wardens—George H. Slocum, Peter King.
Treasurer—William K. Slocum.
Vestrymen—John H. Taylor, Elmer E. Leonard, Henry C. Beattie, James T. Wright, William C. Goodhue, Lawrence H. Henshaw, David O. Conner, Robert H. Baker, John H. Baker, George H. Slocum.
Secretary—William K. Slocum.
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Washington Matters.

Senate Finance Bill Meets with Approval of President Taft—Petitions for Reduction on Closures and Recess—Nicaragua is Defying United States—Notes.

From Our Regular Correspondent.
Washington, D. C., April 15, 1909.

Senator Aldrich has assured the President that the Senate substitute provide for reductions from the Dingley bill on every item which can be regarded as necessary. Mr. Aldrich took with him to the White House the draft of the Senate substitute, so far as it has been completed by the Finance Committee, and showed the President the work he and his colleagues on the committee had done. President Taft was agreeably surprised at the extent to which the substitute makes good the pledges of the party and he now believes there should be no trouble in passing the bill in the Senate. There is a material difference, of course, between the completion of a tariff bill by the Finance Committee and its final adoption by both houses of Congress, but Mr. Aldrich is convinced that the bill will so far command the support of the Republicans in the Senate that it will not be difficult to obtain a majority for every schedule. Mr. Aldrich outlined to the President the views of the committee with regard to the administrative features of the bill, the methods to be employed in determining the valuation of imports, and Mr. Taft expressed his approval of all the changes which the committee proposed to make in the Payne bill.

President Taft is in receipt of an annual pass for himself and party, which can be used on all American League ball grounds in the country, and a similar pass has been presented to the Vice President. The President's pass, which is marked "No. A. 1," is in the form of a handsome letter card one, with his monogram in heavy gold letters on the inside flap.

Speaker Cannon was presented, this week, with petitions signed by 250,000 persons in Chicago, requesting that the Payne bill be so amended as to decrease the duties on hosiery and gloves. They were brought to Washington by four Chicago women, selected at a mass meeting held recently in that city to protest against the increased duties on these articles, and the Speaker told them he would be glad to have the petitions presented to the House but that he could give them no encouragement.

It is predicted at the Capitol that when the Payne bill is finally passed by both houses of Congress it will carry an authorization for the President to appoint a tariff commission to investigate and report from time to time on schedules and reciprocity agreements, and it is reported, also, that Speaker Cannon is favorable to the creation of such a commission. The claim is made that the commission will consist of seven members, five to be appointed by the President from civil life, and two members to be Treasury Department experts, and the salaries will be fixed at \$10,000 a year. This tariff bureau, it is claimed, will be a part of the bureau of manufacturers of the Department of Commerce and Labor, and will be subject, practically to the direction of the ways and means committee and the Finance Committee of the Senate.

President Zelaya of Nicaragua should take warning by the fate of Cipriano Castro, former President of Venezuela. At present, Zelaya is practically defying the United States, refusing to settle an American claim which this country has been pressing for two years, threatening the peace of all Central America, of which he hopes ultimately to become the dictator and is, apparently, imagining that his continuance will pass unpunished. Because the United States, like "the mills of the gods" moves slowly, some of these Smith and Central American despots imagine that there is no motion at all. Castro defied the United States for years and because this country did not bombard his ports imagined that he could continue to do so with impunity and impunity. Now, however, Senor Castro doubts the efficacy of his method of treating this country. Having been compelled to go abroad to consult physicians, he has been supplanted by one of his political opponents, has been indicted for the murder of one of his political opponents of former years, and now finds that because of the influence of the United States he cannot establish a base of operations anywhere on this continent. He has landed on French Island in the vicinity of Venezuela, but through the good offices of this country extended on behalf of his successor, who thus far gives every indication of wishing to treat the claims of the United States with all proper respect, France has ordered him to leave. Great Britain and Germany will not let him land and unless he flies in one of his fits of rage he will be compelled to return to Europe. Zelaya should take warning. He may defy the United States for a time but he will not escape and he will be playing a dangerous game and one which will ultimately bring his punishment no more slowly than the night follows day. President Taft has little patience with Zelaya, for less indeed, than President Roosevelt had for Castro, and if Zelaya is wise he will profit by the experience of his contemporary and cease from antagonizing this country.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for Roy, George H. Taylor, in James H. Taylor, 100 acres of land at Little Compton in Middlesex, but with an annual power vested solely in agent for occasional rental for pleasure and other uses.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented to Mrs. William W. Taylor, the house at 100 West Main Street in Little Compton for the year 1909.

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ULTIMA UM ON BELF

Situation is Forced by the Boston Board of Health.

Boston, April 15.—Unless the meat packing concerns of Boston attempt to bring about a settlement of their controversy with the Boston board of health relative to the disposition of meat condemned on account of tuberculosis, the board announces that it will order the meat destroyed.

Under the law of 1908, the flesh of animals who have suffered from tuberculosis is condemned. The health board officially believes that the law is unfair and that the meat is not infected and should not be condemned. The board desires the meat dealers to have the courts pass upon the law as it now stands or else act under the new legislation.

The board has notified the meat dealers to place in their refrigerators meats which had been condemned, and it was not until dealers removed some such meat for sale that the board was forced to take action.

Fulton Declines Chinese Mission.
Astoria, Ore., April 10.—Former Senator Fulton telegraphed President Taft declining the appointment of minister to China. He says he wishes to resume the practice of law.

Plague in East Africa.
Berlin, April 15.—Advices from German East Africa state that sixty deaths from plague have occurred in the Muanza district, which lies south of the Victoria Nyamira.

Weston in Good Trim.
South Bend, Ind., April 16.—When Edward P. Weston reached Goshen last night he was in excellent condition after his twenty-six mile walk Thursday.

Robbers Held Back Crowd.
Wellsville, Mo., April 16.—Four masked men robbed the postoffice here. Citizens were held back at the points of revolvers while the robbers drove away in a buggy.

Claimed to Be 123 Years Old.
Spartanburg, S. C., April 16.—Ed Sharpe, a negro, who claimed to be 123 years old, the oldest person in the state, died at Cedar Springs, near here.

Coal Miners on Strike.
Johnstown, Pa., April 15.—Allegation that the company officials refused to sign the wage scale presented to them, over 800 union miners employed by the Big Bend Coal company at Twin Rocks have struck.

"What has the Dingley law done?" cries a New England editor. "The answer is easy. Everybody."—Life.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

APRIL 1909.	SUN	MOON	STANDARD TIME.
17 Sat	5 10 16	4 15 12	5 31
18 Sun	5 10 16	4 15 12	5 31
19 Mon	5 10 16	4 15 12	5 31
20 Tues	5 10 16	4 15 12	5 31
21 Wed	5 10 16	4 15 12	5 31
22 Thurs	5 10 16	4 15 12	5 31
23 Fri	5 10 16	4 15 12	5 31

Full Moon, 8th day, 11.30 a.m., evening.
Last Quarter, 15th day, 11.30 a.m., evening.
New Moon, 19th day, 11.30 a.m., evening.
First Quarter, 26th day, 11.30 a.m., morning.

To the Mercury subscribers outside of Rhode Island, living in other States.

I offer a tract of land for sale on Consultant Island, with about 15 miles of frontage on the waters of Narragansett Bay, for \$25,000 (twenty thousand five hundred dollars). There is a residence containing 15 rooms, with barn for 30 cows and 4 horses. A stream of water runs through the grounds, which are partly wooded. A most attractive place to be located in a paying farm and summer residence of unusual extent and picturesque. Write to the solicitor, Mr. A. O'D. TAYLOR, 101, 103, Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I., who is a Commissioner of deeds for most of the States, and Notary Public for Rhode Island.

Marriages.

In New York, 12th inst., by the Rev. Fr. Healey, of the St. Vincent Ferrer Church, Mary O. Doyle of this city and Charles H. Stevenson of New York.

In Boston, April 15th, at Arlington Street Church by Rev. Paul Rogers, Rev. Dr. Charles H. Kline, only daughter of John P. Kline and Grace Stevens Putnam, to Samuel, elder son of Joseph Kline, and the late Samuel Kline of Philadelphia and New York.

Deaths.

In this city, 15th inst., at her residence 11 Pleasant street, Bridget, wife of Timothy Ryan, aged 70 years.

In this city, 15th inst., Roland Sabatella, daughter of Luigi and Alice Sabatella, aged 8 years and 7 months.

In Middletown, 15th inst., Emma Anderson, sister of Mrs. William H. Allen.

Margaret A. wife of Adolphus A. Knowles, Saturday, April 10th, at 820 A. M., aged 42 years.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., 23d inst., Sarah M. widow of Robert Gibson, formerly of this city.

In Laurel, Md., 3th inst., Anna S. wife of David O. Nelson, aged 63 years.

ABSOLUTELY SECURITY.

Genuine
Carter's
Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of
J. C. Carter

See Franklin's Wrapper Below.

FOR HEADACHE,
FOR BILIOUSNESS,
FOR DIZZINESS,
FOR TORPID LIVER,
FOR CONSTIPATION,
FOR SALLOW SKIN,
FOR THE COLIC.

FOR THE COLIC.

FOR THE COLIC.

FOR THE COLIC.

FOR THE COLIC.

FOR THE COLIC.

FOR THE COLIC.

MARINES LYNCH
NAVAL OFFICER

Battleship Commander Killed Before the Yuliz Klask

PALACE GUARD IS POWERLESS

Victory Road Supported Committee of Union and Progress When Meeting Was at Its Height. Disputing News From Balkan and Macedonia. "Only True" Armenians Killed in Massacre in Asia Minor.

Constantinople, April 16.—The third day of the revolutionary movement in the capital was marked by some disturbances, the most serious of which was a demonstration by Armenians, who objected to the new minister of marine, Vice Admiral Adnan Pasha.

The Armenians gathered in force and seized and conveyed to the palace. After they, commander of the battleship Anadolou-Tavank, a member of the committee of union and progress, who ordered the guns of his ship trained on the Yuliz Klask when the ships was at its height, with the intention of supporting the committee. Arrived at the Yuliz Klask, the men lynched Adnan Pasha, notwithstanding the efforts of the palace guard to save him.

Police forces are extremely disquieted by news from Balkan and Macedonia, where the influence of the committee of union and progress is strong. Officials of the ports have received telegrams from these sections, demanding the re-establishment of the status quo ante, failing which the committee leaders threaten to march on Constantinople with the entire Third army corps, whose officers are now in command of the Second army corps, with a view to co-operation.

The latter corps, however, recently opposed the committee. The impression prevails here that the Third army corps is ignorant of the real object of "Two-day" thing, and may depart from its warlike intentions when it realizes that the parliament and the constitution have been maintained.

The first news from Moravia was exaggerated. Early advices stated that a massacre of Armenians was in progress at that place, which is a seaport of Asia Minor on the Mediterranean. The disturbance in reality occurred at Adana, which is about 50 miles from Moravia. Only ten Armenians were killed. Martial law has been proclaimed there.

The number of casualties during the disturbances of the last few days has not been established, but is believed to be comparatively small. It is alleged that many officers disguised as privates participated in the movement, tending to confirm the assertion that the mutiny was directed exclusively against those officers of the army who were members of the committee of union and progress.

SOLID FOR INCOME TAX

Democratic Senators Also Want Reduction of Tariff Schedules

Washington, April 15.—For more than four hours the Democratic members of the senate conferred in an effort to agree upon a policy toward tariff legislation. At the end of that time it was announced that they had agreed to support an income tax amendment and would present a solid front against any Republican opposition to an income tax for raising revenue.

The conference also went on record as favoring a general reduction on tariff schedules, particularly those relating to the necessities of life.

FORTY-FIVE BACKED DOWN

Four Score Recruits For "Navy of the Lord," Baptized in Ice Water

St. Louis, April 12.—While thousands of persons struggled for points of vantage Sunday, 80 of the 125 recruits for the "Navy of the Lord," a negro church, were immersed in the icy waters of the Mississippi river by Rev. J. B. Parker, who is called "The Admiral" by his converts.

The baptized negroes, after running from the water, changed their garments in a nearby washhouse. Forty-five of the recruits turned their backs on "The Navy" when they felt the cold water.

Bay State Liquor Legislation.
Boston, April 10.—The bill to limit liquor licenses outside of Boston to one licensed place in 1,200 of population in cities and towns was passed to be engrossed by the state senate.

NEW ENGLAND BRIEFS

Allegation of United States senator by the people is not favored by the general assembly of Connecticut, as it rejected a bill to that effect by establishing an unfavorable report.

John T. Graham of Anguilla, Me., engaged 50th regiment during 12 attack of melancholia. He was formerly an inmate of an insane hospital.

George W. Johnson, who was 1 member of the council of Governors Oliver Ames, died at his home in Hingham, Mass., aged 82.

An insurance deal (football) is to be completed this week and was given by a member of the board of directors of the company.

The Stone Fireplace.

As far as the eye could see, stretched the limitless expanse of snow. Miss Frazier, peering from window to window of her little cottage, felt imprisoned.

"Oh, pussy cat, pussy cat," she said to the cat curled up on the window seat. "I shall die of loneliness."

The cat gave sleepy attention, and Miss Frazier shook her gently. "Of course you don't care," she said, "but who could have believed that snow and cold weather would have come so early. And all the other cottagers have gone back to town. But I can't. My rent is paid for six months and I can't afford to lose it."

Once more she began her excited walk across the floor, while the cat went to sleep, and daintily quiet resided. At last Miss Frazier could stand it no longer. She put on her hat and coat and a pair of rubbers. Pausing on the threshold as she went out, she addressed the cat theatrically. "Sleep on," she said, "I go to seek my fortune," and she floundered through the snow to the gate.

The road, deep with drifts, offered new discouragements. Miss Frazier's long skirts dragged and grew heavy, and at last she stopped and sobbed aloud. "I can't go on."

Help came in the person of a little man in high boots, who appeared from the other side of the drift.

"Got stuck, did you?" he asked, cheerily. "Well, you ought to stay at home. 'Taint weather for windmills to be out."

Miss Frazier looked at him laughingly. In her code there was no place for bad grammar, and, besides, as a spinster of spirit, his reproach grated on her.

"Women can't stay in and die of loneliness," she told him stiffly.

The little man looked at her with sympathetic gray eyes. "Lonesome, was you?" he said. "Well, now, that's too bad."

His sympathy warmed the cookies of Miss Frazier's heart. It was so long since any one had cared. The last of her family, she had taught school in a big city until ill health had forced her to resign. Then she rented the little cottage at the unfashionable resort, and had prepared to live there for six months, hoping for the benefits of fresh air and a free life. There had been other cottagers, but they had their own interests, so that even in the warmer months Miss Frazier had been lonely, and now that snow had come, her situation seemed unbearable.

There were tears in her eyes as she stood there, forlorn and cold in the drift, and the little man said again, "Well, now, that's too bad. You'd better get into the house. You'll catch cold."

"I hate the house," said Miss Frazier fiercely.

"There isn't a soul there but the pussy cat."

"Live up at the farm," he informed her. "I'm the new owner, and there isn't anybody there but a lot of men and a colored woman to cook for us. There's a good deal of work, you know."

Miss Frazier didn't know, but she found herself listening eagerly to his talk of Guernsey cattle, and of blue-ribbon horses, with all the rest of the homely farm details.

The little man helped her up the path, and handed her on her own doorstep safely. In spite of the biting air he jerked his cap off as he bade her "good-by."

"Come in," she urged. "Oh, please come in. I don't think I can stand to face the pussy cat all alone."

His kindly blue eyes smiled at her. "I'd like to come in," he said. "Taint very sociable up at the farm."

The little room was cheerless enough. Miss Frazier's ginger jars and Mexican hats had been a glittering summer accessories, but in the gray light of the snowy day they merely served to emphasize the bleakness. In the stone fireplace was a bunch of goldenrod gone to seed. The only warmth came feebly from a rickety old stove in the summer kitchen.

"Why ain't you got a fire in the fireplace?" the little man demanded as he surveyed the cavernous structure.

"I haven't any wood," whined Miss Frazier. "I—I couldn't get any."

Perhaps he read in her hesitation a confession of poverty, but he did not ask any more questions.

"I'll be back in a minute," he said presently, and he went out, and when he returned he was bearding Atlas-like under the weight of a great log that had lain for days by the roadside.

"There," he said, as he deposited it in the fireplace, "if you will take out them wild flowers, we'll have a fire."

Miss Frazier obeyed meekly.

"How strong you are," she breathed. "Oh, law, yes," said the little man. "I kin fill most anything."

He made several trips after that finding enough dry wood in the shed to start the fire, and soon it was roaring furiously.

The black cat came and curled up on the hearth looking at the flames with fathomless eyes.

"Oh, it's lovely, lovely," said Miss Frazier. "It's something alive."

"I allus did like a fire," said the little man. "I came from down South, an' we don't think much of stoves there. Not for bein' soothful. You've got to see the flames to be real friendly."

"I am going to make you a cup of tea," Miss Frazier said flutteringly, and when it was ready she brought it in on a dainty tray, flanked by a half dozen state crackers. "Which I had something nice to offer," she said, "but it is so hard to get things."

The little man smiled, and as he took in the details of the poor room, some knowledge of her plight seemed to come to him, and he found a way to help her.

"I bet you don't know what good things you kin cook over a fireplace," he said eagerly.

"I never heard of such a thing," she said.

"Well, Brunswick stew is fine—it's got squirrels and corn and outous and tomatoes—you jus' let me show you—"

"But I can't get those things," her face flamed.

"Of course you can't—taint to be expected that a woman kin kill a squirrel—and I'll bring the thing—"

He left her later, and when he had gone Miss Frazier stood for a long time looking into the glowing coals. "Oh, pussy cat, pussy," she said, when at last the two of them were curled up for the night, "he was dreadful grammar, but he is the kindest man I have ever known."

The little man came the next day and made the stew, and all that afternoon the savory food simmered and bubbled, and the black cat watched it with eager eyes. Miss Frazier in her best blue gown set the table for two, with all the gaiety of a young girl.

The little man's table manners proved to be much better than his

grammar, and it was at the end of the feast that he told Miss Frazier the story of his life, and as he talked his hostess weighed his dignity, his manliness, against his defects, and found grammar losing its relative importance.

He came often after that, and the black cat learned to know his footsteps, and to meet him at the door, and to curl upon his knee as he sat in front of the fireplace, while the two good friends basked and chatted in the golden glow.

And then came the beginning of the new quarter and with it Miss Frazier's rentance.

"And next week I must go," she told the little man when he came that evening. He looked at her calmly.

"You ain't goin'?" he said.

Miss Frazier, thrilling at his masterfulness, asked faintly, "Why not?"

"Because I can't get along without you," said he. "I can't, Annabel."

"How did you know my first name?" Miss Frazier demanded.

"I seen it in one of your books," he said, "an' it's a pretty name."

Then he reached out and took her hands in his. "You're such a lonely little thing," he said. "An' I jes' can't live without you. I think it's settlin' around this heartless town that gave me the feeling that I wanted to marry you. And you'll never wait for nothin', honey, not so long as I kin give it."

With a little impulsive moment, she slipped on her knees beside his chair and hid her face against the roughness of his coat. "I've been so lonely all my life," she sobbed.

"There, there, honey," he whispered, with his little hand against her cheek, "you ain't goin' to be lonesome any more," and with that vista of rest and peace and happiness, poor, tired Miss Frazier was content.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Cause for Alarm.

An elderly patient in the Tennessee mountain region was suffering from a malady the remedy for which the doctor prescribed in the form of capsules. The old woman trusted her medical adviser, but for medicine she evinced much suspicion.

Some time after she had taken the capsules she was asked by her son how she felt.

"Poorly,"

"Don't you want nothin' to eat?"

"No."

Soon, however, the old woman arose from her bed and took her seat in a rocking chair. "Thinking that the attention would be gratefully received, the son filled her pipe, and, taking a live coal from the hearth, carried both to his mother.

"Take that away, son!" yelled the old woman in the utmost fright. "Don't you know better to come near me when I've got them cartridges in me?"—Philadelphia Record.

Still Susceptible.

He was a nervous, fidgety young man, and he looked with considerable apprehension at the woman next him, who held a baby. Its face covered with a thick veil. The baby gave now and then a sharp cry, which the woman evidently tried to suppress.

At last, after many anxious glances, the young man spoke.

"Has—has the baby any—anything contagious?" he asked.

"The woman looked at him with a mixture of scorn and pity.

"'Twouldn't be for most folks," she said to a clear, carrying tone, "but maybe 'twould for you. He's teething."—Youth's Companion.

No Mistake.

"The constable seems wonderfully certain about the details of my case," said a defendant with a sneer; "but how is it he doesn't call his fellow officer to corroborate what he says?"

"There's only one constable stationed in the village, sir," explained the police.

"But I saw two last night," indignantly asserted the defendant.

"Exactly," the policeman rejoined, smiling broadly. "That's just the charge against you."—Tit-Bits.

Horace Hixey, the doyen of Mississippi pilots, is still at the wheel at eighty-two. To him Mark Twain served his apprenticeship.

A Vicksburg reporter asked Mr. Hixey a recipe for a hale old age.

"Temperance, young man," the pilot replied. "Intemperance is what kills us off. Oh, the victims," he said in his whimsical way. "The sad victims of intemperance I have seen!"

"One, I remember, a passenger of ours fell overboard. We fished him out with a boathook after he had been soaking on the bottom half an hour or so. We laid him out and sopping on the deck, and a steward ran for the whiskey bottle."

"As I pried the man's mouth open to pour some whiskey down his throat, his lips moved. A kind of murmur came from them. I put my ear down close to listen, and I heard the half-drowned wretch say:

"Roll me on a bar! I'll get some of this water out. I'll weaken the ficker."—Washington Star.

Two capricious young ladies planned to have some fun when a certain young man called to spend the evening. They thought it would be great sport to imitate everything he did. When the young man entered the parlor he blew his nose, which each of the girls promptly imitated. Thinking it a peculiar incident, the young man proceeded to stroke his hair. Both girls followed. Then he straightened his collar. They did the same, and a few dimples and smiles began to appear in spite of them. Now it was the young man's turn. He was positive of his ground, and calmly stooped down and turned up his trousers.—Ladies Home Journal.

"They tell me New England is full of old maids," said the Philadelphia girl. "Now, I suppose you Boston girls don't often marry?"

"No, only once, as a rule," replied the Boston girl.—Philadelphia Record.

Mr. Champwee—Dis heah's mah dance. Shall we trip it, Miss Lillie? Miss Lillie—Nope! Ah been watchin' you trip it wif Miss Cotebin. S'poe ah didn't see you ter' bout six yards off her train!—Puck.

Though cherishing the loftiest ideals, she still retained something of the sex. "Is it— perfectly safe for a woman to drive?" she faltered hesitantly, as she hitched her wagon to a star.—Life.

"What can a doctor do when he gets a patient who neither drinks nor smokes?"

"Tell him to stop eating certain things. Everybody eats."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Patricia.

By Adela Louise Kimball.

Sierra Leone lay steaming in the full noon-day heat, it was breathless, intense, suffocating; but Patricia gloried in it. To her, Africa was not an isolated, hostile, fever-infested country, but just home. She had made its wrongs her own, and with all its unnamed horrors it was still the land of her birth.

She hummed a gay tune as the two black men strode along swinging her gently in her silk hammock, and watched through half-closed lids the "plashes of sunlight that played dizzily upon the white stone-work of the barracks. There was a group of soldiers and tourists standing about the door, and Patricia lowered her eyes as she met the glances which were bent upon her.

"How beautiful some of these Africans are, even if they are black!" cried one of the soldiers, looking into her face.

Instantly an English tourist strode forward, his right arm shot out and the soldier fell upon the hot pavement a lump mass of leather and khaki.

Patricia bent her head in acknowledgment as the two servants bore her stolidly onward. The hot blood dyed her cheeks and her eyes flashed angrily. She held up her brown hand to the full glare of the sunlight and looked at it thoughtfully.

"Black!" she whispered. "Poor, old Africa!"

After a few moments she requested the blacks to retrace their steps and are now homeward. As they neared the barracks a crowd was gathering, and with a quick cry of dismay Patricia sprang from her hammock. The English tourist lay upon the ground unconscious, with a gasp upon his forehead.

She turned to her bearers and spoke to the native tongue. "Take him home!" she said. "I will walk!"

They hesitated and she faced them angrily. "Can you not see that he has been wounded—and for me?" she cried.

Instantly they obeyed and swung him along carefully, Patricia following with a quick, graceful movement, so foreign to the native of Africa.

Bruce Stockton stood upon the deck of an African coaster looking down upon Patricia. He had known for nearly a month that he loved this little brown maid he had found on the western coast of Africa and his love knew no regret, although he was a descendant of one of the oldest families of England, and his mother revelled in the motto of their crest.

"Patricia," he said, gravely, "would you be glad if I should remain here in Africa?"

She looked up at him quickly. "Why would you do that?" she asked, quietly, but the eloquent flash of her dark eyes told him all that he wished to know.

"Because, Patricia," he answered, "I want you for my wife and I would not take you from the land you love."

Slowly she turned to him. "Then do you not love England?" she asked a little breathlessly.

He winced. "Yes, Patricia, and I love my mother. But I fear, dear, that you could not be happy there."

She looked at him with a puzzled frown. "Why?" she asked.

"Was it possible that she did not realize the great gulf which lay between them?"

"I don't know as I can explain," he said, gently, "but to those whom she does not love, my mother is a proud, cold woman."

"So am I," retorted Patricia. Then she glanced at him searchingly. "You think she would not wish you to marry me," she added with a slight raising of her eyebrows. Again she held up her hand and looked at it for a long time.

"You mean, dear," she said at last, holding it close to his face, "that she would mind this? And you—do not?"

He had grown very white. "Don't," he said.

"And you do not?" she persisted.

"I do not," he answered, steadily.

"You love me enough for that, even that. Then take me with you to England and your mother shall love me, too."

Poor little Patricia. His heart was sinking with a great dread.

"I cannot take you there, dear," he said. "I must not."

"You are ashamed?"

"The word out him as a lash. He drew her gently to him and his eyes dwelt upon her pityingly.

"No, not that, Patricia. I was thinking only of you."

"Then we will go," she said with a quiet dignity.

As the carriage stopped Stockton laid his hand upon his wife's arm with a reassuring pressure. "Be brave, dear!" he whispered.

"I am not afraid, Bruce," said Patricia, quietly. She looked about her a trifle curiously as they entered the great hall and turned with a smile as the draperies parted and his mother came towards them.

Stockton gave a little gasp as Patricia turned and laid her hands upon his mother's shoulders. She looked steadily into her eyes.

"You are going to love me?" she asked.

Mrs. Stockton returned the look searchingly. "My dear," she said at last with a twinkle in her eyes, "I think, without doubt, that I shall love you very much." There was a ring of sincerity in her tone and as she turned to him, Stockton drew a deep breath.

"I wonder," said Patricia a few moments later, "if you know my grandmother, the Duchess of Kent?" She spoke with just the slightest little drawl, and instantly Stockton strode to her side and looked sternly down into her eyes. "Just a moment, dear," she said, looking up at him warningly.

"The Duchess of Kent?" gasped Mrs. Stockton. She had copied the setting of her diamonds and the pattern of her lace, but did she know her! She recovered herself quickly and said: "Then your father must have been the Duke of Kent who went to Africa as a missionary?"

"Yes," answered Patricia. "And my mother was Princess Mazzali of Italy. I only speak of it because I thought perhaps you might have known her. I do not think Bruce quite understood all about me before." And she turned to her husband with a dazzling little smile.—Boston Post.

"Do you expect your constituents to believe all you tell them?"

"No," answered Senator Sorghum; "and in return they must not expect me to tell them all I believe."—Washington Star.

"Some people run through their money."

"Very foolish."

"Quite so. Wealth was made to roll in."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Not a Plumber Born.

Pipes & Fassitt ran a busy shop. They had men out, working the eight hour day, in the Washington Heights district. They had helpers out, too, at the regular rates.

Monday morning had opened up with a rush. Joints were bursting and bath-tubs were flowing over.

Fassitt generally followed up the jobs, seeing that they were covered. Pipes held the desk down and made out the bills.

Presently the door pushed open and a hardy young fellow came in. He handed a note to Mr. Pipes. Pipes read it.

"Please, sir," said the young fellow. "Don't please anybody here," said Pipes. "Kiley says you're a good man and willing to work. Sid down!"

The hardy looking young fellow sat for five minutes. Then the telephone rang.

"Get that off the wire," said Pipes. The young man got it.

"It's Mr. Silverberg that owns the big apartment house on St. Nicholas avenue. His star tenant complains of a leak in the ceiling from the floor overhead."

"You take that wrench and go over," said Pipes. "Locate the floor. Get around to Congdon's where we've got a contract and lift a helper. Go back and find the leak. Then report to me. Don't hurry too much."

The young man departed, returning in a couple of hours.

"Nothing doing, Mr. Pipes," he said. "The tenant overhead spilled some water in a corner of the kitchen. It ran under the sink and followed the pipe line to the floor below. That was all."

Pipes kept on making out bills. A sixty-cent clock got along to 12 just as the noon whistle blew outside.

Then Pipes rose up sadly.

"Here's sitting time," he said. "Take the money; you'll need it. A tenant laughs a leak. The owner wants to pay for repairing a leak. You were sent to find it. You failed. Some day you may be an angel, but you will never be a plumber. Good-by!"—New York Sun.

Doubtful Powder.

One day, after listening to a story particularly offensive with age, Lulu McCone, the Georgia evangelist, told this:

An old darky went into a store down in Georgia and asked:

"Say, boss, you got any gunpowdah heah?"

"Yes, we have gunpowdah,"

"Lemme see some of that theah gunpowdah."

The dealer showed him some.

"Pore a little of that powdah in my hand,"

The old darky took the powder near the light, ran his forefinger around and around in it, looked at it critically, and then sniffed it two or three times.

"And you say this heah is powdah?"

"Yes," answered the dealer sharply; "that is powder. What is the matter with it?"

"Dunno, boss"—the darky shook his head doubtfully—"but it smells to me like it's done been shot off before."—Judge.

The Next Best Time.

She was a widow, and he a bluff sailor or who thought the world of her; but not finding it easy to make a landsman's direct proposal, he decided to address her in the speech of the sea.

"Kate," said he, "your boat is drifting down the stream of life with no strong hand to steer it swiftly past the rocks. May I be your captain and sail it for you?"

"No, Jack," Kate answered, with an engaging blush, although in a firm tone, "but you may be my second mate if you like."—Kansas City Independent.

Lucky Shot for the Hare.

While shooting at Wool, Dorset, a farmer fired at a hare and missed it. The hare made for a hedge and got caught in a wire. The farmer fired again at a wire. The hare fired again and the shots cut the wire.

The hare thus freed got away to the chagrin of the sportsman.—London Evening Standard.

A lawyer having offices in a Philadelphia building wherein there are some hundreds of tenants recently lost a cuff link, out of a pair that he greatly prized. Being absolutely certain that he had dropped the link somewhere in the building, he caused a notice to be posted in the following terms:

"Lost—A gold cuff link. The owner, William Ward, will deeply appreciate its immediate return."

That afternoon on passing the door wherein the notice was posted what were the feelings of the lawyer to observe that appended thereto were these lines:

"The finder of the missing cuff link would deem it a great favor if the owner would kindly lose the other link."—Harper's Weekly.

"Now, Bobby, what is the second letter of the alphabet?"

"I dunno."

"Well, what is it that flies about the garden?"

"When?"

"In the Summer."

"Oh, I know—mother after the chickens."

"I hope," said a patient, courteously, "I have not brought you too far from your regular round."

"Oh, not at all," replied the doctor. "I have another patient in the neighborhood, so I can kill two birds with one stone!"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"I see that Enos Hand has just got his high-toned eight-day clock from that big Chicago store. Enos says that clock will run eight days without winding." "How long will it run if it's wound?"—Judge.

"Dear, O dear," sighed Mr. Sallowday. "I wish I knew some good way to acquire an appetite."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed his wife. "What do you want with an appetite? It would only give you more dyspepsia."—Philadelphia Press.

Writer (whose attention has been called to a gross error in addition): "Very sorry, sir; but, even if you hadn't found out the mistake, the firm would have benefited; not me."

Diner—"Then you have no excuse!"

"What on earth are you doing with those turkey feathers?"

"They're from the turkey we had for Thanksgiving. My wife wants me to see if I can't match it for Christmas."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Maiden's Prayer.

Most children are good listeners as well as good observers, and, more than that, they are quick to use the knowledge acquired through keenness in three directions. A case in point is that of little Janet, who had evidently spent part of her day in the kitchen and had overheard remarks made by the cook. Like all good girls, little Janet said her prayers regularly just before being tucked in for the night. On this particular night she said:

"God bless me, bless father and mother and everybody, make me a good girl, keep me pure—pursue loyal baking powder. Amen."—New York Times.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries brief and consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature. Direct all communications to Miss E. M. TILLEY, Newport Historical Room, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1909.

NOTES.

SHERMAN Items from various sources—Henry Sherman, Jr., son of Henry and Anne (Highbotham) Sherman, was born in South Kingstown, Rhode Island, March 31, 1769. Arnold's Vital Records, Vol. 5, page 56. He married Sarah Carpenter, daughter of Daniel Carpenter and Renewed Smith; his wife.—Carpenter Memorial, by Amos Carpenter, page 262.

DEED—Henry Sherman and Sarah to Nathaniel Carpenter, yeoman, land in North Kingstown, being late the estate and inheritance of Daniel Carpenter, under whom the said Sarah claims as heir at law, with the buildings thereon. Dated Mar. 5, 1822.—North Kingstown Land Evidence, Vol. 22, page 300.

Henry Sherman was an officer in the Revolutionary War, and received a pension from the United States Government.

Henry (5) Sherman and wife Sarah (Carpenter) had five children, all daughters.—Statement of his grand daughter, Sarah D. (5) Noyes, Abigail (4), Ruth (4), Charlotte (4), Martha (4), Catherine (4).

1. Abigail (4) Sherman; never married.—Statement of Miss Noyes.

2. Ruth (4); died in childhood, and was buried in the Carpenter Burial place, about three miles from Lafayette, Rhode Island.—Statement of Miss Noyes.

3. Charlotte (4), born at North Kingstown, Rhode Island (No. K. records), died at North Kingstown, Rhode Island, March 21, 1866, aged 56; daughter of Henry (Grand Sarah Sherman).—Record of deaths at No. Kingstown.

Her will was dated Jan. 26, 1804. Left estate to husband, William F. Noyes, during his life; the rest to two daughters, Sarah (5) D. and Lydia (5) A. Noyes.—Mentioned son, George (5) H. Noyes.—N. K. Probate records.

May 16, 1865, Sarah (5) D. and Lydia (5) A. Noyes received to their father for the personal property.—N. K. Probate records.

William F. Noyes died Jan. 10, 1865, aged 79, yes, 8 months, at North Kingstown. He was a widower, farmer, born at South Kingstown, son of Joshua and Susan Noyes.—Record of Deaths, North Kingstown.

The children of William F. and Charlotte (4) (Sherman) Noyes were George H. Noyes, died March 21, 1865, aged 58, at North Kingstown, Rhode Island; single, born at North Kingstown, son of William and Charlotte (4) Noyes.

North Kingstown Record of Deaths, Sarah (5) D. Noyes, unmarried.

Lydia (5) A. Noyes, who married Duple Blake Congdon, and after his death married John Rathbun, who is now living.—Statement of Miss Sarah (5) D. Noyes, and of Mrs. Lorena (6) Sherman, daughter of Lydia (5) (Noyes) Congdon Rathbun. She died at West Greenwich, Rhode Island, June 2, 1891.—Statement of Mrs. Sherman.

By her first husband, she had one child, Lorena (6) B. Congdon, born December 18, 1866, at North Kingstown, R. I., married at North Kingstown, June 26, 1887, Alfred Arnold Sherman, and they are now living East Providence, R. I. Their children:

1. Warren (7) Andrew Sherman, born May 3, 1898, at East Greenwich, R. I.

2. Leonard (7) Brown Sherman, born November 17, 1890, died December 23, 1893.

3. Myron (7) Linus Sherman, born February 18, 1894, at East Greenwich, R. I.

4. Maude (7) Evelyn Minton Sherman, born Aug. 10, 1896.

5. Elmer (7) Ray Sherman, born at No. Kingstown, R. I., June 13, 1893.—all from statement of Mrs. Lorena B. Sherman.

By her second husband, Lydia (5) Rathbun had no children.

4. Martha (4) born at North Kingstown, R. I., died in Fall River, Massachusetts, Sept. 25, 1854, of consumption. Her death record gives her as daughter of Henry and Sarah Sherman.—Fall River Deaths, Vol. 5, page 84.

Christopher H. Tillinghast married Martha (4) G. Sherman May 24, 1835.—Fall River marriages, Vol. 3, page 81.

The children of Christopher and Martha (4) Tillinghast, recorded on the Fall River Book are as follows:

1. Lucia (5) Byron Tillinghast, born August 1, 1838.—Vol. 3, page 534. She died Sept. 11, 1850, unmarried.—Statement of C. A. Brownell, of New Bedford, an executor of her father's will.

2. Abby (5) F. Tillinghast, born Sept. 7, 1836, died June 10, 1847.—Fall River Record of Deaths.

3. Walter (5) Tillinghast, born April 8, 1849, died June 1, 1869.—Fall River Record of Deaths. No record of marriage.

Martha (4) (Sherman) Tillinghast died in Fall River, her husband in New Bedford, Mass. His will is recorded at Taunton, Mass., dated May 1, 1807. Mentioned no children. Gave money to Sarah (5) D. Noyes, niece of Martha G. Tillinghast, and to Lorena (6) B. Sherman, niece of said Sarah D. Noyes. Edwin Clarke and C. A. Brownell were executors, and accepted the position Mar. 22, 1901.

Deed.—Martha (4) Tillinghast, wife of Christopher W. Tillinghast, of Fall River, Mass., to Charlotte (4) wife of William F. Noyes, of North Kingstown, R. I., October 16, 1852.—No. Kingstown Land Evidence for 1852.

5. Catherine (4) never married.—Statement of Miss Sarah D. Noyes.

James Gardner of Newport, R. I., was appointed guardian of Henry, George Washington, Sarah Ann, Mary, Lucy, William and Charles, children of Henry Jr., and Mary his late wife.—Vol. 1, page 80. Probate Records, South Kingstown.

Henry and George Washington Sherman, children of Mr. Henry Sherman and Mary his wife made application for guardianship, and chose their uncle, James Gardner.

Sarah Ann, Mary, Lucy, William and Charles Sherman were infants, and their guardian was chosen for them, James Gardner, of Newport.

Will.—Amos Gardner, of South Kingstown, R. I., dated Mar. 16, 1793. Mentioned wife Sarah; son William; son James received shop which he now goes for; son Amos; son John; brother John; daughter Mary Sherman, wife of Henry Sherman, Jr. Recorded April 20, 1793. James Gardner of Newport, William and John Gardner, sons of Amos, executed a release under Amos Gardner's will, Aug. 19, 1802. Probate Book, 1, pages 149 and 160.

There are various deeds to and from Henry Sherman on record in South Kingstown, in which he is called "gentleman."

DEED—Silas and Sarah Wheeler, to Henry Sherman, gentleman, land in South Kingstown, bounded north and east on land lately given by Amos Gardner to Mrs. Mary Sherman, wife of said Henry, in his will. Dated Jan. 3, 1794; recorded Jan. 6, 1794.—Vol. 8, page 531, S. K. Land Evidence.

Deed, Henry Sherman Jr., and wife Mary, to Rowland Brown and Amos Gardner. Here Henry is called yeoman. Dated Jan. 3, 1794; recorded Feb. 25, 1794.—Vol. 8.

Sarah Ann Sherman, daughter of Henry, married Milton Cady, in Providence, R. I., August 20, 1815, and died in Providence, August 17, 1851, aged 61 years.—Index of Births, Marriages and Deaths recorded in Providence, R. I., 1838 to 1850, page 318. Also Index of Births, Marriages and Deaths recorded in Providence, R. I., 1851 to 1870, page 50.

Lucy Sherman, daughter of Henry Sherman, married in Providence, R. I., December 10, 1813, Daniel D. Bailey, and died in Providence, R. I., July 25, 1863, aged 70 years.—Ibid., pages 618 and 143.—E. M. T.

QUERIES.

6492. TALLMAN—Lydia Hathaway Tallman, daughter of John and Penelope Tallman was born in Fall River in March 1803. She was married Apr. 8, 1824 to Elijah Angell of Providence or Johnston, R. I. She died Jan. 7, 1859 aged 55 years, 10 mos. She had brothers Randall Tallman, John Tallman and a sister Martha Tallman who married a Farman. The name is spelled Tallman and Tallman. Wanted, the parents of John Tallman and of Penelope his wife.—J. P. B.

6493. PEARCE—Can any one give me from Rhode Island records any marriage of a John Pearce with an Amy? If so, who was Amy?

I have some reason to think that in the Land Evidence of R. I., the names John and Timothy and Timothy Pearce may be associated in some way. Possibly John was the father of that Thomas Pearce who married Almy Chase in Newport in 1748, as well as of Elizabeth who married William Jones in 1744, and Timothy of Newport was probably the son of the above Thomas. (Vital Records of Rhode Island, Vol. 10, p. 463; Vol. 12, p. 88)

Both Timothy and Thomas are distinctly family names among certain of the descendants of Thomas Pearce of Charlestown, (Woburn) Mass., who finally settled in Windham County, Connecticut. This is interesting, because at the time of the Revolution, Newport having fallen into the hands of the British, Elizabeth Pearce, the widow of William Jones, is said to have removed to Killingly, Windham County, Conn.—Who was the ancestor of this Elizabeth Pearce?

A certain Thomas Pearce became a Deacon in the First Congregational Church of Plainfield, Windham Co., Conn., in 1742; his brother Timothy was a very prominent man at Plainfield, Judge of Probate, Col. of Militia, and a certain Amos Pearce of the same family, born 1702 lived in Killingly, W. I. H.

6494. FULLER, BARNES—Information desired of the ancestry and place of birth of Beekman Fuller b 1760 who married in 1775 Naomi Barnes b 1755; both died in 1832 at Casuar, Col. Co., N. Y., where they were living soon after their marriage. Children were: Joseph Dayton b 1776; Lois b 1777; Almaria b 1780; Asbel b 1782; Amasa b 1787; Phoebe b 1788. Also desired, Rev. War service, if any of Beekman Fuller who appears on Revolutionary records on file in N. Y. State Comptroller's office, an assignment of land bounty rights made by George Hinsdale's class, Col. Whiting's Albany Regt. (17th), dated May 28, 1782.—E. T. S.

6495. STEVENS, BUCKARD, CAHILL—Isaac Stevens, b Aug. 24, 1787, at Hartland, Vt., married Apr. 27, 1812, at Franklin, Vt., Electa Childs b Jan. 18, 1797, at Wethersfield Vt. Their dau., Electa Stevens b Jan. 29, 1832, at St. Armands, Can., married Nov. 12, 1850, at St. Armands, Charles Buckard. Their daughter (my mother), Ann Jane Buckard b Oct. 20, 1851, married John Cahill (Irish). If anyone from these names can give information showing eligibility to the Daughters of the American Revolution it will be thankfully received.—L. C. M.

6496. LOMAX—Did Thomas Lomax of Vir., have a war record? He was styled "major," but I can find no record. He married a Miss Lunsford, only child of Sir Thos. Lunsford. Thomas Lomax was a friend of Benj. Harrison and Thos. Jefferson, and the year following the Revolution we find him a member of the Va. Council. He was the father of Judge John Lomax of Staunton, Va. Information will be appreciated.—L. G. J.

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There's a grand opportunity here for you, young Miss Housekeeper, to make your new little home as pretty and cozy as it can be. There's a striking difference in appearance between Titus' things and other kinds you know, and no matter how little the price, the air of refinement and the style and the goodness is never lacking.

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PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.,
NEWPORT, R. I. 142 SPRING STREET
LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE.

DEACON SUGGUMBS
TO BULLET WOUND

Sequel to Row in Providence
Negro Baptist Church

Providence, April 13.—A bullet fired into his head during a church row caused the death last night of Nelson Morgan, senior deacon of the Olney Street Negro Baptist church.

The shooting on March 16 was the culmination of a long-continued hostility between rival factions of the church. Morgan had gone into the church to prepare against an invasion by the minister and opposing faction.

Sexton Robert Russell, a member of the faction supporting the minister, tried to get into the church, but could not. After arming himself, Russell returned to the church and ordered the door opened.

The order was partly complied with and a scuffle followed, in which two shots were fired by Russell, one of which took effect in Morgan's head, over the left eye.

WRIGHT FLIES IN ITALY

Spectators Delighted at Sailing Qualities of American's Aeroplane

Rome, April 16.—Wilbur Wright made his first appearance on the field at Cent Seels Thursday afternoon. Thousands had gathered there and his flight was excellent and brought forth plaudits from the assembled multitude.

The aeroplane rose almost in a straight line to a height of 150 feet. It skimmed to and fro and came again to the earth, gracefully and easily.

The spectators threw their hats in the air, waved handkerchiefs and cheered the American aeroplane.

MILLIONS OF MACKEREL

School After School Passed by Steamer Off Atlantic Coast

New York, April 14.—Captain Chichester of the steamship Arapahoe, from Jacksonville and Charleston, reports having passed through immense schools of mackerel while off the Delaware capes and New Jersey coast Monday night.

There was school after school, each containing millions of the fish. One school alone, according to Chichester, covered an area of more than a square mile. He said he had not seen so many fish together in years.

Six Lives Lost in Lenox Fire

Lenox, Mass., April 12.—Six people lost their lives, three others were badly burned and a property loss of nearly \$300,000 was caused in a fire in the heart of the business section of this town early Sunday. Four business blocks, two dwellings and two other structures were destroyed in a section bounded by Franklin, Main, Hoonaholic and Church streets. The fire is believed to have started in the Clifford building from spontaneous combustion.

Congressmen OK For Canal

New York, April 15.—A party of congressmen and their friends sailed on the steamer Panama for Colon on a visit to the canal zone. The party is not on official business, but will spend about six days on the isthmus.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, R. I. SUPERIOR COURT
To Right Rev. William N. MacVicar, of the City and County of Providence and Rev. Frederick W. Goodman, of the Town of Portsmouth, in the County of Newport, Trustees, and the Corporation of St. Mary's Church of said Town of Portsmouth.

WHEREAS, the Newport Water Works, a corporation created by law and located in the City and County of Newport, and State of Rhode Island, has filed in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court, in said County of Providence, under the provisions of Chapter 12 of the General Laws of this State, a certain contract which has been taken and contained and intended to hold and permanently use and appropriate an necessary and proper lot, as applying with water the said City of Newport and the inhabitants thereof, and the Corporation of St. Mary's Church of said Town of Portsmouth, and the said City, that certain parcel of land therein described and rights in said land and rights to water with the right of way for water and for the erection of dams, waste ways, pumping stations, coal houses and reservoirs to be used in connection with said water supply, and the right to obtain and use the said dam already constructed or that may be hereafter constructed; that said property, rights and easements are taken hereunder with the right to any other and to construct conduits for the conducting of water from the dam now or hereafter to be constructed on or near said land in the water mains of the City of Newport and hereafter to be laid; thereby taking

A certain lot or tract of land situated in the Town of Portsmouth, County of Newport, State of Rhode Island, and Providence Plantations, bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at a stone bound at the junction of lands of Frank Pagani, St. Mary's Church and Newport Water Works, thence running N. 22° E. 25.5 feet to a stone bound; thence running S. 30° E. 95.5 feet to a stone bound in the dividing line between lands of said St. Mary's Church and of Alfred D. Vanderhill, thence running S. 89° 30' W. 51' W. in said dividing line 582 feet to a stone bound at junction of lands of said St. Mary's Church and said Vanderhill and of John B. Coggeshall, thence running about S. 89° W. in said dividing line 60 feet to a stone bound; thence continuing in same direction in the dividing line between lands of said St. Mary's Church and said Vanderhill 181 feet to a stone bound; thence running about S. 70° W. in said dividing line 570 feet, more or less, to a point; thence running about S. 89° 30' E. in said dividing line 800 feet to a point; thence running S. 22° E. in said dividing line 323 feet, more or less to the point of beginning, containing about 38 7/10 acres. For a more particular description reference is made to a plat made by J. H. Collins, C. E., thereunto attached to said contract and made a part thereof, and being part of the land conveyed by Sarah Gibbs to John Henshaw, et al., Trustees by deed of trust, dated October 8th, 1891, in trust for certain purposes set forth in said Deed of Trust.

The owners and persons interested in said lands, so far as can be ascertained by said corporation, by reason of the following persons:—The Right Reverend William N. MacVicar, of the City and County of Providence, and Rev. Frederick W. Goodman, of the Town of Portsmouth, in the County of Newport, and both in said State of Rhode Island, who are the Trustees and successors in trust under said deed of trust from Sarah Gibbs to John Henshaw, et al., Trustees, and who now hold the title to said land in fee simple as Trustees under said Deed of Trust.

All of which said lands and rights are particularly described in said plat and said certificate.

Now, therefore, you are hereby severally notified that you may, if you see fit, appear before me on or before the 15th day of April, at the County Court House in Newport, on Monday, the 3rd day of May, A. D. 1909, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, then and there to be heard on the petition for the taking of said property, and any petition, interest, and also to the appointment of Commissioners to appraise the damages due to you by means of the taking of any of your property as aforesaid.

WITNESS the seal of our Superior Court, this 25th day of March, A. D. 1909.

(L.S.) SYDNEY D. HARVEY,
Clerk.

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I.,
March 25, A. D. 1909.

MARY ELZA PUGHAM, the Administratrix of the estate of said deceased, on the estate of

LESLIE P. PUGHAM,
Widow, late of said Middletown, deceased, presents to this Court her said first and final account thereof, and thereon prays that the same may be examined, allowed and recorded.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the nineteenth day of April next, A. D. 1909, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the Newport Mercury.

ALBERT L. CHASE,
Probate Clerk.

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I.,
March 25, A. D. 1909.

HARRIET B. CHASE, the Guardian of the person and estate of

SARAH E. COGGESHALL,
Widow, a person of full age, presents to this Court her second account with said estate and thereon prays that the same may be examined, allowed and recorded.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the nineteenth day of April next, A. D. 1909, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the Newport Mercury.

ALBERT L. CHASE,
Probate Clerk.

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I.,
March 25, A. D. 1909.

CHARLES H. WARD, the Administrator on the estate of

LESLIE P. PUGHAM,
late of said Middletown, deceased, presents to this Court his first and final account thereof, and thereon prays that the same may be examined, allowed and recorded.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the nineteenth day of April next, A. D. 1909, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the Newport Mercury.

ALBERT L. CHASE,
Probate Clerk.

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I.,
March 25, A. D. 1909.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the town of New Shoreham, Administrator of the estate of ALMIRA E. ROSE, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

WELCOMB DODGE,
SIMON DODGE, Executors.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.
April 17, 1909.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the town of New Shoreham, Administrator of the estate of ALMIRA E. ROSE, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

ALMANZA J. ROSE,
Administrator.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.
Newport, April 17th, 1909.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Executor of the last will and testament of BRIDGET SULLIVAN, late of the City of Newport, deceased, which will has been admitted to probate by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, hereby gives notice that he has accepted and taken and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

FRANK F. NOLAN,
Probate Clerk of the City of Newport,
April 15th, 1909.

Estate of Mary T. Austin.

AMORY AUSTIN, Guardian of the person and estate of Mary T. Austin, of full age, presents his 14th annual account with the estate of said Mary T. Austin, and the same is received and referred to the third day of May next, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DONALD A. HAZARD,
Clerk.

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I.,
March 25, A. D. 1909.

HENRY C. SHERMAN presents to this Court his petition in writing, praying that he may be appointed Administrator on the estate of former Mrs. CLARA IRISH SHERMAN, late of said Middletown, who deceased, intestate.

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the nineteenth day of April next, A. D. 1909, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the Newport Mercury.

ALBERT L. CHASE,
Probate Clerk.

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STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

Office of the

State Board of Public Roads.

The undersigned
Board will meet at
the Court House, New-
port, R. I., Thursday,
August 6, and each
succeeding Thursday
until further notice,
between the hours of
10 a. m. and 4 p. m.,
to grant operators' li-
censes and to receive
applications for reg-
istration of motor ve-
hicles and motor cy-
cles.

State Board of Public Roads.
1841